North. Reproach and desolution hangeth ouer him,
Rosse. He hath not Money for these *Irish* Warres,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.
North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.
We see the Winde sit sore vpon our Sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Rosse. We see the very Wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
North. Not so, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I espie life peering; but I dare not say,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay set vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Rosse. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three are but thy selfe; and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I haue from *Le port blan*
(A Bay in *Britaine*) receiude intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, Raynold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His Brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norberie, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coine
All these well furnished by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall Ships, three thousand men of Warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*:
If then we shall shake off our Countries slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe of the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:

But

But if you faint, as fearing to do
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe
Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge
Willo. Hold out my horse, an

Enter the Queene, Bushie,

Bush. Madam, your Maiestie
You promist when you parted
To lay aside halfe-harming hea
And entertaine a cheerefull dis
Queene. To please the King
I cannot doo it; yet I know no
Why I should welcome such a
Saue bidding farewell to so swe
As my sweete *Richard*: yet agai
Some vnborne Sorrow ripe in
Is comming towards me and m
With nothing trembles, at som
More then with parting from
Bush. Each substance of a g
Which shewes like griefe it self
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with
Deuides one thing entire to ma
Like perspectiues, which right
Shew nothing but confusion,
Distinguish forme: so your sw
Looking awry vpon your Lord
Find shapes of griefe more the
Which lookt on as it is, is naug
Of what it is not; then thrice (g
More then your Lords depart
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrow
Which for things true, weepes
Queene. It may be so, but y
Perswades me it is otherwise: h
I cannot but be sad; so heauie
As though on thinking on, no
Makes me with heauie nothing

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